Single Thread of Violet

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Single Thread of Violet

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Summary

Will has been alone for as long as he can remember, long enough that it's become his normal to be seen as abnormal by those around him. To be without a soulmate thread is to be destined to a life of loneliness and misery, alone and without your perfect match.

Notes

Day 3 of AU_Gust Prompts is: Soulmates

Enjoy some feral, begrudging soulmate Hannigram!

See the end of the work for more notes

Will has been alone for as long as he can remember, long enough that it's become his normal to be seen as abnormal by those around him. To be without a soulmate thread is to be destined to a life of loneliness and misery, alone and without your perfect match.

Will has dual colored eyes just like everyone else, one eye a bright, piercing blue and the other dark amber, like whiskey or oxidized blood. The only problem is that he doesn't *see* his soulmate thread out of the amber eye, nor any of the connecting threads.

Everyone is born seeing a whole rainbow of colored threads, each appearing one at a time as the person is slowly connected with the individuals who will lead them to their soulmate. Will had never seen a thread and, by age twenty-eight, had resigned himself to a lifetime of bachelorhood and pitying looks when his first thread, a red so bright it was nearly searing, popped up when he was apprehending a petty thief.

That thief had decided stabbing an officer was a good idea, and Will had decided leaving the force was an even better one. His second thread, the same orange as a Bayou sunset appeared next when he went for coffee at a local shop so he could pour over graduate applications. He'd been out of school for eight years already, but the man his thread connected him to encouraged him to apply anyway as they shared coffee and danishes together.

Returning home to Louisiana had always been a mistake, and he'd been glad to finally admit it after being stabbed. So he moved back to Illinois, to another small town life he and his father had left behind, went to grad school there and met a professor of criminal psychology at the end of a sunshine yellow thread.

That professor had introduced Will to a research assistant surrounded by forest green, who had helped Will finish his dissertation and then introduced him to a teaching position in Quantico. The summer before his first semester teaching he'd gone through a program for new cadets and employees where he'd met Alana Bloom, her thread the same sharp blue as her eyes. She saw more of Will than anyone else ever had, even managed to dig up some of his sad backstory before fading from his life for a while.

And then Jack Crawford had appeared, the indigo of his thread nearly vibrating with energy. Will hesitates to work with Jack for a myriad of reasons, not only because they have differing professional opinions, but also because he's the last color before Will's soulmate, which means Jack is the connection who is closest to Will's mate. It's likely that remaining in Jack's employ will bring Will to the one person in all the world he'd never imagined he'd meet after having lived so much of his life without his threads.

Which is perhaps why he reacts so poorly when he goes to meet with Jack and finds Hannibal Lecter there as well, the violet thread connecting them vibrant enough that it can't be ignored. Hannibal seems as shocked as Will, though Will storms out of the room well before they can even attempt a conversation. Of course his soulmate would be a shrink, of course the universe would continue to make a mockery of Will. Things could never just be simple.

Hannibal stands before Will Graham, a man who is, impossibly, his *soulmate.* Hannibal had closed his heart and his mind to the concept of love as he'd held his sister's body in his arms, her bones bird-hollow and so delicate beneath his touch that he worried she'd crumble if he held her too tightly.

His thread hadn't developed fully yet at age nine, his soulmate not yet alive, but it had been a faint violet that he sometimes glimpsed from the corner of his eye. That day he'd closed himself to the idea of love, such a broken, fragile thing, and it only brought pain and disappointment and the hollow ache of a space in his heart where a person once resided.

He'd never seen his thread again after that, though he never told another soul about it and had resolved himself to a life alone. He was happy in his loneliness, or so he'd thought until this very moment when the cavern Mischa had left was suddenly opened again, and only the proximity of his soulmate seems to soothe the brittle ache between his ribs.

"Where's Jack?" Will is auspicious, and Hannibal finds he can't blame him for his lack of trust.

"Indisposed in court. It's just us, today. I brought breakfast. I find it best to have meaningful conversations over a hearty meal." Hannibal busies himself with setting the small table by the window, watching Will from the corner of his eye.

"You don't exist. I've never had a thread, all my life I've been alone and condemned to a future of more of the same." Will's voice sounds tight, the words forced through clenched teeth. Hannibal shares his sentiment, had long ago allowed himself to acknowledge the expanse of his loneliness.

"I denied the concept of love as Peter denied Christ before his crucifixion. I wanted nothing to do with it. And now, there seems to be you…"

"Why?" Seems to be all Will can manage, Hannibal taking the seat across from him and picking up his fork.

Hannibal hesitates for several seconds, unsure of whether he wants to divulge such a painful truth to a relative stranger. Soulmate or no. Ultimately, the earnest look Will gives him is enough to pull honesty from him.

"I denied my soulmate when I was a boy and swore I'd not be beholden to *love or fate."*

Will's anger spills from him, righteous and fast. "You cut me off before I even existed. Left the one person you were *fated* for in this world *alone.* Who fucking does that?" Will's fingers clench where he has them on the table, and then start tapping a chaotic rhythm against the wood.

He takes a shaky breath and continues, slightly calmer this time. "I've been mocked and ridiculed my entire life for being a *freak* without a soulmate. Unlovable. Unwanted. Even my own father pitied and distrusted me in equal measure. It isn't natural not to have a soulmate."

Hannibal allows them both a moment of silence before he pushes on, explains himself. “I was nine when I lost my sister. My little bird. She died in my arms, and I vowed I would never again love another and give them the power to hurt me as her loss hurt me. My thread was only a faint and hazy violet, then, you were mostly likely not yet born before I shut it out.”

“For twenty-eight years I stared at the absence of color in everyone around me and wondered why I was different. What went so *wrong* when I was being made. But it wasn’t me. It was you.”

“I apologize, Will. It was never my intention to hurt you.”

Will sits across the small table and stares at Hannibal, silent and still, for half a minute. Finally, he releases a sigh through his nose and shifts forward, plucking up the fork next to his plate. “I’m sorry about your sister,” he says stiffly, staring at the shining tines instead of Hannibal. “But you should know now, I’m not interested. I’ve gotten this far in life without you, and I don’t need you now.” He stabs at the fluffy mound of scrambled eggs on his plate, spearing a bite of egg and chunk of sausage on his fork and raises it to his mouth, pauses, “Hell, I mean *look* at us. We probably don’t even have anything in common.”

Hannibal’s gaze lingers on Will’s mouth as the bite disappears behind his lips. He chews once, twice and then pauses, eyes falling to his plate as he slows the speed of his mastication. He goes for another bite as soon as he swallows, this time a single bit of sausage, and takes his time rolling that around his mouth as well. Hannibal knows his own breakfast is growing cold as he watches, but he can’t help but study Will’s odd reaction. It’s almost as if… But he couldn’t possibly. *How* could he possibly know?

“I spoke too soon,” Will admits, laying his fork down and casting a coy glance up at Hannibal beneath the dark fan of his lashes. “Maybe we *do* have a thing or two in common. Do you, uh...source your own meat?”

Hannibal’s stomach gives a pleasant clench, his heart rate gaining speed for the first time since he can remember. He gazes back at Will, luminescent with the glow of violet pulsing in his chest, the color somehow more saturated than ever. “I do.”

Will’s grin is wolfish, and warm arousal pools low in Hannibal’s gut when his soulmate plucks up another piece of sausage with his bare fingers, examines it closer for a moment and then purrs, “Yeah. Me too.”

Hannibal watches as the meat disappears behind Will’s plush, red lips and he chews methodically, enjoying the flavors. His gaze never leaves Hannibal as he finishes, Hannibal unable to pull his eyes away from how Will’s throat works as he swallows.

“When?”

“Let’s just say my father took care of me well enough in the end. And plenty of criminals who would never have seen the inside of a courtroom.”

“Vigilantism, then?” Hannibal is curious to see how deeply this connection goes, whether they could share even more in common.

Will scoffs, putting his fork down. “Hardly. I heard you that day. With Jack. *Perception is a tool that’s pointed at both ends.* And it’s true, my empathy is a weapon that hurts me, but I also wield it against others. It’s why I understand the Shrike so well. He takes everything they have in order to honor them, bones and all. I allow my victims to nourish me.”

“So you consider them victims, then?”

“Do you not?” Will challenges, picking up his fork again and taking another bite of his scramble.

“No. They are pigs. They are tools I can use to create something beautiful in an ugly world. Nothing more and nothing less. The food is the same. It’s a beautiful thing, to feed yourself and those you treasure.”

“So you treasure me, then? Is that what this is? A peace offering?” Will gestures towards the half-empty container, a smirk spreading wide across his lips.

“I came here thinking of brokering an agreement between us to keep our connection from Jack and the others. But now -”

“Now what, Hannibal? A shared preference in diet doesn’t make a relationship. You didn’t want this. Didn’t want *me.”* The break in Will’s voice is barely audible, but Hannibal just barely discerns it and it makes something between his ribs *ache* in loss when he hasn’t even gained anything yet.

“And now I see the possibility of companionship. One person in all the world who can *see me.* Who I can see and know in return.”

“You want a protege, is that it? Someone to go along with you on your sprees?”

“I want more than peace between us, Will,” Hannibal responds softly, finally responding to his previous question. “And certainly more than the unequal footing of a *protege.* I thought I needed to cut myself off from love, from you, so that I might never risk the unending ache of loss that still sings inside me. But now, having met you, I see the fallacy in my logic. I see the *real* truth about soulmates.”

Will leans back in his chair, the mirth that had bubbled within him only moments before gone, face twisting into the ghost of a frown. “Enlighten me.”

“I need never fear losing you as I lost Mischa,” Hannibal explains, “because I would burn this world to ash before I would allow that to happen.”

Will stares at him in silence, expression stony, and then he releases a breath through his nose and his eyes soften. “Stand up.”

Hannibal doesn’t question his soulmate, but does as he’s asked without delay. Will stands up himself and edges around the table until he’s standing right before him, the spice of meat and bitter aroma of coffee on their breaths mingling between them. And when Will leans forward that last little distance, Hannibal tilts his head into the kiss and allows his eyes to slide shut.

It's a soft thing, hesitant and reserved, and when they part, Hannibal is pleased to see the desire for *more* burning in Will's eyes. They meet again, hastier this time, lips parting to allow tongues to meet and hands reaching out to seek the solid warmth of the other. When Will shifts forward, still clad only in his t-shirt and boxers, Hannibal can feel the evidence of his arousal pressed against his thigh. He growls into the kiss, heart soaring when it grows even more heated, grows teeth, and slips his hands down to cup Will's pert ass and haul him closer still.

Will's hands are in Hannibal's hair, stroking down his neck, tugging at his tie until he finally loosens the damn thing and pulls it from between them. As soon as Will pushes the jacket from his shoulders, Hannibal hauls Will up into his arms, pleased when the younger man wraps his limbs around him immediately.

Will trails kisses from Hannibal's lips, along his jaw and to his ear, nipping harshly at the lobe. When Hannibal brings them to the bed, tossing Will none-to-gently onto the mattress, he's immediately on his own back, Will's strong thighs turning them so that Will is on top, his boxers doing absolutely nothing to hide his arousal.

Will growls against Hannibal's mouth, unable to pull away enough even to speak. "I need to be inside of you."

It isn't a question so much as a blatant suggestion that Hannibal's is helpless but to agree with. Fucking has never felt like this, always just a precursor to establishing control over another person, just a means to an end. They haven't even started yet and already this feels transformative.

Hannibal nods, allows Will to spread his thighs and mouth wetly at the bulge of his erection through his dress slacks. He looks obscene already, debauched and breathless between Hannibal's knees, and it makes something in his gut clench violently.

It takes no time at all for Will to be devoid of his little clothing, sitting fully nude like some god of old on Hannibal's knees, and Hannibal feels like a willing supplicant. Will makes equally quick work of Hannibal's clothes, and Hannibal is pliant for him, shifting as he's guided, raising his hips as his trousers and briefs are stripped from his hips.

"We don't have any lube," Will points out, punctuating this statement by giving two of his fingers a wet suck and pressing them immediately to Hannibal's entrance.

"We'll make do," Hannibal brushes off the concern breathlessly, spreading his thighs wider as Will begins to breach him. "I'm not as fragile as you might think," he sighs on a groan, tilting his hips up to encourage deeper entrance.

Will shifts on the bed until he's hanging over Hannibal, crashes their mouths together once more as his digits reach as far as they can and begins a rhythmic, perfunctory preparation. "Can't wait to get up in you," Will growls between biting kisses.

"Then *don't,"* Hannibal suggests, and Will makes a wounded sound, no hesitation as he pulls his fingers free and spits filthily into his palm to slick up his cock.

They both know Hannibal's body isn't entirely ready, especially with only saliva to ease the way, but Will doesn't seem to mind that in the least, and that pleases Hannibal greatly. He'll take any discomfort for the chance to feel Will completely, to take him in and know that already his soulmate understands his fortitude, the stuff he's made of.

Pain is only a precursor to pleasure, enhances it, even. He's never been so happy to be on the same page as someone else - a rare enough occurence in his life - but one he wagers will be happening more and more the better he gets to know his newly found mate.

"Christ," Will groans and pants against Hannibal's skin as he bottoms out, hips flush against Hannibal's ass, forehead pressed tight into the curve of his neck. "Still good?"

"Yes, darling," Hannibal encourages, rucking up his legs to wrap tightly around Will's hips, heels digging into the soft flesh of his ass, pulling him *closer*. "Move for me, Will."

Will groans again, but moves, pulling away slowly and then sinking back in at the same pace. *"Fuck,* so tight...Hannibal, you're - you feel so fucking good -"

"Faster, love," Hannibal urges, rocking his hips to meet Will's own, increasing the speed to encourage him to match it. "I want to feel every inch of you. Fuck me, Will. Make me yours."

Will snarls at that, dropping low to press their chests together, teeth nipping at Hannibal's lips until he bids entrance for Will's tongue in a filthy, heated kiss. "You *are* mine," Will growls against Hannibal's mouth, hips increasing to a jerking, frantic pace. "You've *always* been mine. Always *will* be."

"Yes. *Will -"*

Will silences him with one more kiss before pulling away, rearing up to balance on his knees between Hannibal's spread thighs. He grabs hold of Hannibal's calves where they're wrapped around his middle and hauls them up over his shoulders, uses his hands to help prop up Hannibal's hips, and then fucks into him so wildly all Hannibal can do is melt into the dingy comforter of the motel mattress and let himself be claimed.

Will fucks into him like he'll never be afforded another chance, angling his hips expertly so he's battering Hannibal's prostate with every thrust. Hannibal pants and moans and *whines* at the sensation, hands clawing at the sheets beneath him, Will's thick, corded thighs, his own hair, groomed so meticulously only an hour before and now thrown into ragged disarray. He might be begging Will for more, for mercy, for death for all he knows.

He's never before lost control of his body or faculties in this way, and though it should feel foreign, uncomfortable, *unhinged,* all Hannibal feels is a sense of belonging, of being *home* after so many decades of unsatisfying wanderlust.

Hannibal nearly misses his own orgasm happening almost without his knowledge, too caught up in the sounds of Will's pleasure and the feel of their skin slapping together lewdly. Will pulls out of him at the last second, some of his release landing against Hannibal's swollen,

bruised entrance but the rest joining Hannibal's semen where it's already cooling tacky with his sweat against his lower abdomen.

It's a proprietary, animalistic sort of claiming, Will marking him this way. And he furthers that claim by dragging his still semi-hard cock through their combined release and rubbing it into Hannibal's skin, nearly purring with his contentment as he falls into bed beside Hannibal, plastering himself to Hannibal's ribcage while they collect themselves.

It's several long moments of silence before their breathing evens out and Will opens his eyes again to look at Hannibal's profile.

"Some part of me still refuses to acknowledge that you're *real.* After so long without you, the last few years of finding my threads and following them to you have felt like some sort of dreamscape rather than reality. And yet here you are, whole and present and *with me."*

Will sounds incredulous, and it shakes something loose behind Hannibal's teeth, pulls reassurances from him that he hadn't expected. "You'll never be alone again, Will. Not as long as I'm alive and even after still, if I have any say in the matter."

Will doesn't respond, just curls closer around Hannibal's body and, for a while, they drift together in sleep.

Their peace is short-lived, duties still remaining to be done for the day even with Jack away in court. Will and Hannibal go together to investigate their meager findings, and while at the work site, Will feels suddenly closer to the truth than ever before. They're going to catch this killer, he's sure of it.

Hannibal drops a case of worker files and Will waves him away to go after the errant files himself, stooping low to collect the remnants scattered across the dirt. He's only formed half a pile before his hands still, something instinctive tugging in his gut and willing him away from his task. He leaves the clean-up to the poor, put-upon receptionist with little guilt, glad for his intuition when he steps silently into the office, eyes trained upon Hannibal's back.

"They know."

A litany of thoughts and emotions flood through Will upon hearing the two words, and while confusion seems to reign supreme above them all, Will knows exactly what has just happened.

"What did you do?"

Hannibal's form stiffens as he replaces the receiver and pockets the tissue in his grasp. When he turns to Will, his expression is blank, devoid of guilt or anxiety or shame. "I told him you were coming for him."

Will allows the matter-of-fact statement to sink into him, into his chaotic, buzzing mind, into his muscles, coiled tight with tension, into his very marrow, absorbing the words into his

being. He stares at Hannibal, the man that fate had determined was his before he was even *born.*

"Why?"

"I was curious what would happen."

Will considers every tormented thought, every shameful dream and dark urge he'd repressed throughout his life. And then he considers the fact that the man before him was meant to mirror him completely, meant to make him feel as if he were *whole.* As if he *belonged.*

He stares at Hannibal, at his breathtakingly beautiful luminescent violet glow, and suddenly he *gets it.* Where before he considered Hannibal as a pompous psychiatrist, one who had surely been raised and existed in a different realm *entirely* than Will, suddenly he *knows* why this is the man that was always meant to be his.

Will pulls the keys to the rental from his pocket, lips quirking into a sly smirk.

"Me too."

End Notes

Thanks for reading!

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'Til next time! 💚 💜 BellaRai

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